

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.

[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to  
look up to, that fell the fuck off.

[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)

[DOVE:] You mean Rhythm and Blues?

[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]

Connection A, click, what?

My dick, chick

I smack a fish if you thinks

My connection ain't thick, dick

Headed like a punk whip

I travel miles with a rhythmic lip

I rock an Afro

In '83, gee, yo

And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow

I play the corner tough

And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]

Givin' high-five is what I want

So I puff a blunt, I don't front

I get spliffed, get a stiff

Then I go hump a stunt

Like a pimp pro

(Nah, man, a super ho)

That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro

Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic

Every hour, every minute, every second

I keep a level head and stay down to earth

'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]

Yeah

Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch

I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab

I've got five beepers, you scab

But you can find me directly on the Ave

(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)

My breath never smells wack

I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac

Before I kiss myself I always jump back

(Yo, gee, this track is stack)

(And you know that)

I do three flips

When a punk flip on my duke lifts  
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep  
On the other side with his main tapes  
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks  
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut  
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out  
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick  
But the Native Tongue's thick  
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should  
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake  
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but  
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian  
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief  
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads  
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal  
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

*[DOVE:]*

I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss  
Because it's tough to bluff a cab  
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'  
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da  
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day  
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half  
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island  
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self  
With the quickness I bust the true slang  
Show no pit to those who don't understand

*[MASE:]*

The Maseo got tailed with the big bail  
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail  
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is  
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)  
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more  
In the closet with my silk, and below  
My 45 pack thick, draw quick  
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit  
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.  
And another crib in Queens  
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head  
My favorite porck chops and  
A plate of collar greens  
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed  
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in  
And the Poppa  
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)